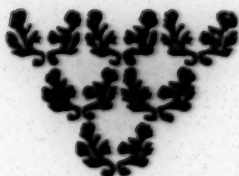


THOMAS and SALLY: 9

OR, THE
SAILOR'S RETURN.

A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

As performed at the
THEATRES ROYAL:



A NEW EDITION.

D U B L I N:

Printed for JAMES WILLIAMS, at No. 5,
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THOMAS and SALLY :

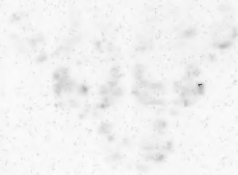
OF THE

SAILOR'S RETURN.

A

NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES.

THEATRE D'OPERA.



1844

THEATRE D'OPERA



THE P R E F A C E.

THE public has made so little difficulty hitherto; in swallowing nauseous, or, at best, insipid verses, when they have been wrapped up in agreeable music; that to offer a word, either by way of defence, or apology, for the following trifle, seems altogether unnecessary.

It will be easily believed, that the author did not write it with a view to acquire the reputation of a genius: he must be a simpleton indeed, who hopes to give people an idea of his wealth by shewing them a handful of farthings. He wrote it merely to comply with the request of a theatrical person, whom he had an inclination to oblige; it was designed and finished in somewhat less than a fortnight; and his excuse for now suffering it to appear in print (and he really think

thinks such an excuse necessary) must be the nature of a musical entertainment, which requires, that the words should be put into the hands of the audience, who would otherwise find it impossible to accompany the performers in what they sing upon the stage.

He is no stranger to the whimsical prejudice, which inclines most people to measure the worth of dramatic pieces by their length; and because a musical entertainment is unavoidably the shortest of any, makes them, for that reason, deny its being capable of any degree of merit at all. But though what he here ventures into the world, is neither a Tragedy, a Comedy, or even so much as a Comedy of two acts; he flatters himself, there are some few, who will not condemn it, merely because it is not, what it was not designed for: he hopes they will consider, that when he sat down to write it, he sat down to write a musical entertainment; and that a certain poet and critic, who is allowed to have been a tolerable judge in such matters, has told us no author can compass more than he intends.

If after this, any persons have an inclination to find fault with it, they are heartily welcome ; nay, he will so far subscribe to their opinion, as to confess, there are some as bad lines in it, as the worst dabbler's in sing-song ever were guilty of ; but he thought it needless to correct them, as every thing of this kind must be castrated, in order to make it perfectly musical ; and stretched and altered, to fit the shape of the stage. However, he would certainly point out the exceptionable lines, to shew he is not ignorant of them ; but that he takes it for granted, there will be people enough ready to save him the trouble.

Thus far by way of Preface ; which the author has written, only because he is assured there is nothing so acceptable to the purchasers of any thing in the form of a book now-a-days, as a reasonable pennyworth in print and paper ; and he had a mind to avail himself of the advantages attending an additional half-sheet.

For the same reason too he might possibly have attempted a dedication ; but unfortunately, the only

personages likely to patronize his performance are united in a particular society ; and he was at a loss in what manner to order their titles, so as to make a proper blazon at the head of a page. However, in this place he would be understood to inscribe the following rhimes to those vagrant choiresters, who like the bards of old, sing verses about the public streets ; and if, when they have thought proper to advance his ballads to a place in the Chimney-sweeper's Garland, the Sweet-heart's Delight, or any other of their ingenious collections : they should (thro' their novelty, and the prevailing argument of playhouse tunes) be the means of rendering more reasonable in their demands, those grinders of the muses, who have the conscience to expect six and thirty pretty songs in one book for a half-penny ; he shall think the time and pains they cost him in composing, very well bestowed.

To conclude. The author thinks there is no doubt, on account of the music, which is admirable ; and the performance, which will be excellent ; but this little piece must succeed upon the stage ; but after having been acquitted there, he foresees, some busy people will be for bringing it before the judges in the
court

court of criticism. Now he applies himself to the said judges, requiring them to consider all such proceedings as arbitrary, at least, if not unprecedented : he desires, that they will suffer the insignificance of this piece, to screen it from their cognizance ; and that they will not attempt to break a butterfly upon a wheel.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

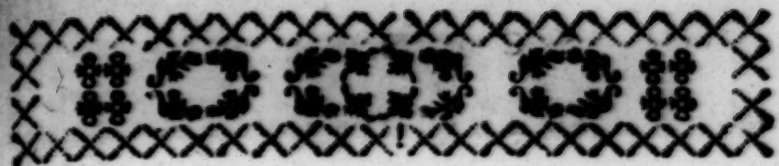
COVENT-GARDEN.

DRURY-LANE.

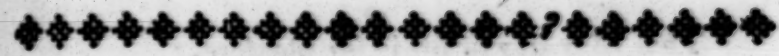
The 'SQUIRE, Mr. MATTOCKS.	Mr. DOD.
THOMAS, Mr. DUBELLAMY.	Mr. VERNON.
SALLY, Mrs. PINTO.	Mrs. ARNE.
DORCAS, Mrs. THOMPSON.	Mrs. LOVE.

SCENE the COUNTRY.

THOMAS



THOMAS and SALLY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Village at the Foot of a Hill, with a Cottage more advanced than the rest on one Side. SALLY discovered spinning at the door.

MY time how happy once, and gay !
Oh ! blithe I was as blithe could be :
But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day !
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
Though all their arts are lost on me,
For I can never love but one,
And he, alas ! is gone to sea.

They bid me to the wake, the fair,
To dances on the neighb'ring lea ;
But how can I in pleasure share,
While my true love is out at sea ?

The flowers droop till light's return
The pigeon mourns its absent she ;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love comes back from sea.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

SALLY, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

What will you never quit this foolish trade ?
Still, still in tears ?—Ah, you're a foolish maid !
In time have prudence, your own int'rest see ;
Youth lasts not always ; be advis'd by me.

That May-day of life is for pleasure,
For singing, for dancing, and shew ;
Then why should we waste such a treasure,
In sighing and crying——heigho !
Let's copy the birds in the meadows,
By hers tune your pipe when 'tis low ;
Fly round and coquet it as she does,
And never sit crying——heigho !

Though when in the arms of a lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That ere all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying——heigho !
In age every one a new part takes,
I find to my sorrow 'tis so ;
When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind your——heigho !

SALLY.

Leave me.

DORCAS.

Go to—I come to make you glad,
Odfooks, what's here ? this folly sets me mad.
You're grieving, and for whom ?—'tis pretty sport——
For one that gets a wife at ev'ry port.

SALLY.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

11

SALLY.

Dorcas, for shame, how can you be so base!
Or after this look Thomas in the face!
His ship's expected.

DORCAS

Tell not me—the Squire——
As Tom is yours, you are his heart's desire.
Then why so peevish, and so froward still?
He'll make your torture; let him have his will.

SALLY.

Were I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch, he;
Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye Pow'rs! I ask not wealth;
Grant me but Innocence and health.
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

SCENE III.

DORCAS.

Well, go your way—I cannot chuse but smile;
Wou'd I were young again—alas! the while;
But what are wishes——wishes will not do:
One cannot eat one's cake, and have it too.

When I was a young one what girl was like me?
So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee;
I rattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.
To all that came near I had something to say;
'Twas this Sir—and that, Sir—but scarce ever nay;
And Sundays dress'd up in my silks and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At

At twenty, I got me a husband—poor man !
Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can ;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws ;
And jealous—though truly I gave him some cause.
He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone ;
Egad, I've a tongue—and I paid him his own.
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,
Stand firm to our charter—and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago ;
This Time's a sore foe, there's no shunning his dart ;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.
Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance ;
And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

SCENE IV.

The 'SQUIRE appears descending the Hill with
HUNTSMEN.

'SQUIRE.

Hark, hark, the shrill horn calls the sportsmen abroad ;
To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox,
O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies ;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him. Huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay ;
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;
Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
I let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The 'SQUIRE returning after the HUNTSMEN are gone off, knocks at SALLY'S Door, who comes out of the Cottage.

SALLY.

Ah ! whither have my heedless steps betray'd ?

'SQUIRE.

Where wou'd you fly ? of whom are you afraid ?

Here's neither spectre, ghost, nor goblin nigh ;

Nor any one — but Cupid, you and I.

SALLY.

Unlucky !

'SQUIRE.

'Sdeath ! she sets me all on fire :

Bewitching girl ! I languish with desire.

But wherefore do you shrink ; and trembling stand ;

So coy, so silly ?

SALLY.

Pray, sir, loose my hand.

'SQUIRE.

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,

From nymph, to nymph, I strove in vain,

My wild desires to rally ;

But now they're of themselves come home,

And, strange ! no longer seek to roam.

They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,

And cries I court but to destroy :

Can love with ruin tally ?

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,

I would all deaths, all torments bear,

Rather than injure Sally.

B

Come

Come then, oh come, thou sweeter far
 Than jessamine and roses are,
 Or lillies of the valley;
 O follow Love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally.

SALLY.

Sir, you demean yourself; and, to be free,
 Some lady you should chuse of fit degree:
 I am too low, too vulgar—

'SQUIRE.

Rather say,
 There's some more favour'd rival in the way:
 Some happy sweetheart in your thoughts take place;
 For him you keep your favours; that's the case.

SALLY.

Well, if it be, 'tis neither shame nor sin:
 An honest lad he is, of honest kin:
 No higher than my equal I pretend:
 You have your answer, sir, and there's an end.

'SQUIRE.

Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd;
 Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away:
 I'll give you this purse too, and, hark you, beside,
 We'll kiss and we'll toy all the long summer's day.

SALLY.

Of kissing and toying you soon would be tir'd,
 Oh! should hapless Sally consent to be naught!
 Besides, sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd:
 The heart's not worth gaining which is to be bought.

'SQUIRE.

Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy tongue;
 But know, above scandal you then shall be put;
 And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
 At draggle-tail Chastity walking a-foot.

SALLY.

SALLY. T O A

If only thro' fear of the world I was shy,
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown ;
Its pardon 'twere easy with money to buy ;
But how, tell me how, I should purchase my own.

'SQUIRE.

Leave morals to grey-beards, those lips were design'd
For better employment.

SALLY.

I will not endure——

'SQUIRE.

Oh fye, child ! Love bids you be rich, and be kind ;

SALLY.

But Virtue commands me—Be honest and poor.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II. SCENE I.

The Sea Side.

THOMAS, with Sailors, enters in a Boat, fromw high they land.

THOMAS.

AVAST, my boys, avast ; all hands ashore :
Mefs-mates, what cheer ? Old England, hey ! once more.
I'm thinking how the wenches will rejoice ;
Out with your presents, boys, and take your choice.
P've an old sweetheart—but look there's the town ;
Weigh anchor, tack about, and let's bear down.

How happy is the sailor's life,
From coast to coast they roam ;
In every port he finds a wife,
In ev'ry land a home.

He loves to range,
He's no where strange ;
He ne'er will turn his back,
To friend or foe ;
No masters, no ;

My life for honest Jack.

Chorus. He loves to range, &c.

If saucy foes dare make a noise,
And to the sword appeal ;
We out, and quickly larn 'em, boys,
With whom they have to deal.
We know no craft but 'fore and aft'
Lay on our strokes amain ;
Then, if they're stout, for t'other bout,
We drub 'em o'er again.

Chorus. We know no craft, &c.

Or

Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,
 Our hearts are never dull ;
 The pocket that to day ebbs low,
 To-morrow shall be full ;
 For if so be, we want, d'ye see,
 A pluck of this here stuff ;
 In Indi—a, and Ameri—ca,
 We're sure to find enough.

Chorus. For if so be, &c.

Then bless the king and bless the state,
 And bless our captains all ;
 And ne'er may chance unfortunate,
 The British fleet befall.
 But prosp'rous gales where'er she sails,
 And ever may she ride,
 Of sea and shore, till time's no more,
 The terror and the pride.

Chorus. But prosp'rous gales, &c.

S C E N E II.

'SQUIRE, DORCAS.

'SQUIRE.

In vain I've ev'ry wily art essay'd,
 Nor promises can tempt, nor vows persuade ;
 No prospect of success is left me now :
 How shall I gain her ?

DORCAS.

Why I'll tell you how.
 This way she comes, the wench is full of pride,
 Lay oaths, and vows, and promises aside :
 Often, when regular approaches fail,
 Besiegers storm a place, and so prevail.

All you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
 Learn how the affair 's to be done ;
 For if you stand fooling and shy like an ass,
 You'll lose her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
 As far as you please you may run ;
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
 But jilt you as sure as a gun.

To worship and call her bright goddess is fine ;
 But mark you the consequence, mun ;
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun ;
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,
 But mum——she's as sure as a gun.

S C E N E III.

SALLY, with a Milking-Pail.

How cruel those who with ungen'rous aim,
 Strive to seduce, and bring poor maids to shame !
 That brutish 'squire ! but wherefore should I fear ?
 I ne'er can turn false-hearted to my dear.
 No, when he came his last farewell to take,
 He bid me wear this token for his sake ;
 He shall not prove me fickle and unkind ;
 Or say, that——out of sight was out of mind.

Auspicious spirits, guard my love,
 In time of danger near him bide ;
 With out-spread wings around him move,
 And turn each random-ball aside.

And

And you his foes, though hearts of steel,
 Oh ! may you then with me accord ;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave ;
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep ;
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.
 Till Halcyon Peace return'd once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

S C E N E IV.

[SQUIRE, SALLY.

SQUIRE,

Well met, pretty maid ;
 Nay, don't be afraid ;
 I mean you no mischief, I vow ;
 Psha ! what is't you ail ?
 Come, give me your pail,
 And I'll carry it up to your cow.

SALLY.

Pray let it alone
 I've hands of my own,
 Nor need yours to help me—forbear !
 How can you persist ?
 I won't, sir, be kist,
 Nor teiz'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.

SQUIRE.

In yon lonely grove,
 I saw an alcove,

All

All round the sweet violet springs ;
 And there was a thrush,
 Hard by in a bush,
 'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

SALLY.

But hark ! pry'thee hark !
 Look yonder's a lark !
 It warbles and pleases me so,
 To hear the soft tale,
 O' th' sweet nightingale,
 I would not be tempted to go.

'SQUIRE.

Then here we'll sit down :
 Come, come, never trown !
 No longer my bliss I'll retard ;
 Kind Venus shall spread,
 Her veil over head,
 And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

SCENE V.

'SQUIRE, SALLY, THOMAS,

THOMAS.

What's this I see ? may I believe my eyes ?
 A pirate just about to board my prize !
 'Tis well I this way chanc'd my course to steer.
 Sal, what's the matter ?

SALLY.

Thomas !

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

'Sdeath ! who's here ?

Fellow, begone, or——

T H O M A S.

Larn your phrase to mend :
Do you sheer off, or else I'll make you, friend,
Let go the wench, I claim her for my share,
And now lay hands upon her—if you dare.

'SQUIRE.

Saucy rascal, this intrusion
You shall answer to your cost :
Bully'd ! —scandaliz'd ! —confusion !
All my schemes and wishes crost.

T H O M A S.

Hark you, Master, keep your distance ;
'Sblood, take notice what I say :
There's the channel, no resistance,
Tack about, and bear away.

S A L L Y.

Wou'd you wrest our freedom from us ? ——
Now my heart has lost its fear :
Oh ! my best, my dearest Thomas,
Sure some angel brought you here.

'SQUIRE.

Since her paltry inclination,
Stoops to such a thing as you ;

Thus

Thus I make a recantation,
Wretched, foolish girl, adieu !

S C E N E VI.

SALLY, THOMAS.

S A L L Y.

Oh ! welcome, welcome ! How shall I impart
The joy this happy meeting gives my heart ?
Now, Tom, in safety stay at home with me,
And never trust again that treach'rous sea.

T H O M A S.

Excuse me, Sal, while mighty George has foes ;
On land, and main, their malice I'll oppose.
But hang this talking, my desires are keen ;
You see yon steeple, and know what I mean.

Let fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt ;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

S A L L Y.

Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold and give their thoughts the lye ;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

T H O M A S.

For this the sailor, on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast ;

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

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All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

S A L L Y.

For this the virgin pines and firs,
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes;
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

B O T H.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind:
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

F I N I S.

All things were silent on the night,
And blessed the day of the night.

S A L L Y.

For this the virgin pines and firs,
With whispering heart and breathing eyes;
Till one's reveries of joy the music
And clasps the faithful in his lover.

F O T H.

Ye British virgins, well be kind;
Protect their beauty from stain;
And they'll repay you with the same.

